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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Your House.

Be true to yourself at the start, young man,
Be true to yourself and God;
Ere you build your house, mark well the spot,
Test all the ground, and build you not
On the sand or the shaking sod.

Dig, dig the foundation deep, young man,
Plant firmly the outer wall;
Let the props be strong and the roof be high,
With an open turret toward the sky,
Through which heaven's dews may fall.

Let this be the room of the soul, young man,
When the shadows shall herald care;
A chamber with never a roof or thatch
To hinder the light—or door or latch
To shut in the spirit's prayer.

Build slow and sure—'tis for life, young man,
A life that outlives the breath;
For who shall gild the holy word?
"Their works do follow them," saith the Lord;
"Therein there is no death."

Build deep, and high, and broad, young man,
As the needful case demands;
Let your title deeds be clear and bright,
Till you enter your claim to the Lord of light
For the house not made with hands.

THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER.

By Louise Betts Edwards in Saturday Evening Post.

Two travelers in sober apparel, and riding sleek, well-fed nags, were the only wayfarers on the road, as far as the eye could reach. Without them, the weird loneliness of the November landscape would have missed its last touch of desolation; for the dripping, gray-green edges, intersected with sulky little streams, and ditches, which looked like faded program ribbons with frayed edges, the sodden road with its deep rusts forming brownish-gray pools, and the leaden-gray sky, against which the leafless branches of the trees stood out like black skeletons, —as though imploring respite from further rain,—all blended themselves into a sombre background that was wholly harmonious.

Only as the two horses, heavy with mud, laboriously climbed the steep, slippery hill, did the entrance to human beings bring the element of unrest into the scene.

"You climb cautiously, sir," observed the younger to the elder man, with a slight smile. Their difference in age could be but that of a year or two.

The older traveler, a clean-shaven, firm-jawed man, of unmistakably Scotch physiognomy, replied calmly: "I am afraid."

The other,—his name was Fitzroy,—suddenly reined in his horse. His companion answered the amazed question in his eyes:

"Of falling,—have a care, sir, or you will do it yourself. The mud is slippery; my horse carries a heavy load, and I have no mind for riding into town with torn cloak or bespattered person."

"You are wise, sir," said Fitzroy. "The merciful man is merciful to his beast, his person and his garments! It hath been long years since I valued any of these, and, therefore, as you perceive," noticing other man's narrow scrutiny, "I have had many a fall in the mire." "Tut! As to that, we are both miry. 'Tis these pestiferous roads, after the rains. The stable-boys at the Golden Goblet shall scrape off some of it, when we have dined."

Again Fitzroy's horse reared back sharply, and again amazement stared from his eyes.

"The Golden Goblet? You are bound to dine there? Then our ways part, sir; though I am loth to leave pleasant company."

"But how now?" in astonishment equally blank. "Where else should we dine, save at the inn? Pardon me, sir; but your behavior is certainly most strange."

A dull red had risen in Fitzroy's cheeks. He gazed at the ground without answer.

"If 'tis a matter of money—" began the other in an altered tone.

"Ay, sir; you have touched the point. Poverty is not a vice, is it? or could not so readily shame us. My pockets are empty, and I had counted on the charity of some good cottage creature for a cup of milk and some bread and cheese."

"Pray be my guest at the inn," said the older man with formal civility. He was apparently as cautious of over-demonstration

toward a chance acquaintance as of climbing slippery hills, but waxed more insistent at Fitzroy's violent demur: "But wherefore not? Surely, my hospitality should irk no less than an old cottage woman's."

"Sir, you are kind. But I would go with an empty stomach rather than dine at the Golden Goblet. I have an ancient grudge—"

"But I thought," cried his fellow-traveler, "you were a stranger in these parts? You said as much, when we fell in with each other this morning, and you prayed me to point you the road to Durham."

"But doth a road run one way only? Fitzroy asked, a sudden sparkle of mirth in his eyes, as quickly extinguished. "As I remember the Golden Goblet, it stands at a crossing, and some approach it from the east, some from the west. Nay, sir,—I have not yet learned your name. I can not and will not enter that inn, and it is spending breath to ask me wherefore. Perchance the landlord hath cheated me,—or I cheated the landlord; perchance I happened to kiss the barmaid. Sir, I am sorry, but I will not go. I see a cottage in the distance; I am confident the good dame there will give us food, and even a night's lodging."

"Why, how know you there is a dame, and that her hospitality is so free?"

"I do not know," said Fitzroy, with a slight contraction of the brows. "I can clearly see, however, you fear to trust yourself in the company of a man who acknowledges himself penniless, even though,—with a faintly contemptuous glance at the other man's holsters,—you carry arms, and he does not. You are right, and the country is lonely; there are rumors of highwaymen, and you never saw me before this morning. Let us part ways,—you to your inn, and I to my good dame, or master, or whomever I may find. Good-day, sir."

Good Duncan McDougall, kirk-officer of Ballantyne Parish, and cannist of Scots, thoughtfully watched him spur his horse on up another of the steep, muddy little hills, with the stumbling haste of an angry schoolboy. Society on the road was pleasant,—but perchance a dangerous pleasure, when you knew not with whom you were riding, and when your saddle-bags forty pounds Scots, in good gold, to buy a set of communion silver for the new Ballantyne kirk. He had a trust, it reputation, a life to guard. Yet—"Tush! could the fellow blithely like Kitty herself, and yet harbor evil designs?"

At a rude table in the little hovel up the road Fitzroy sat glowering over the extremely frugal fare brought him by an old woman, guarded of face and knotted of figure, to whose cackle he paid no attention. "I've naught in my purse to pay for this," he flung out finally; "nor in my saddle-bag, either."

The woman chuckled without glee. "Yet there was a gentleman came part way with you," she observed. "Look! he climbs the hill now." "And he travels armed," said Fitzroy moodily. "My pistol dropped yesterday from a broken holster while I forded a stream. How do I know he carries aught worth killing a man for?"

"By his traveling armed," concisely. "Tut, Mr. Fitzroy! do you conceive, sir, that because luck has hitherto been with you in sending you cowards and unarmed travelers, who would willingly give their purses to save their skins, it will be so always? Truly, sir, you speak like—"

"A coward," said Fitzroy. "I am not one, but,—his face clearing a little,—"he who comes hither is a coward, and I may get off without bloodshed. In faith, I was born a gentleman, and even in battle, where a man may kill and not hang for it, there would always come an uneasy voice between me and my sword, that would sound like a cry of reproach from my mother or sister. Yet I have not seen either of them since I was a lad of twenty. How, now, sir! starting up as the shadow of a man fell across the doorway. "You have changed your mind?"

"I come to crave your pardon, sir," said Duncan McDougall gravely. "And to eat supper with you, if this good woman hath aught to give us. Pardon my suspicions and give me your company for the rest of the road, for, in truth, I am afraid of its loneliness."

"Say no more," said Fitzroy with feverish eagerness, helping dismount. "We will both eat and sleep here, and the old woman shall stable your horse where she hath taken mine." McDougall started slightly as the crone took the bridle. Her appearance, and that of the house, was unimpressive, and his Scotch cautions returned on him.

He stood up rigidly, while Fitzroy opened his eyes in unfeigned surprise, and loudly recited a long Presbyterian grace, before he would take the seat indicated for him.

"A man of religion!" exclaimed Fitzroy. He had not intended to say it aloud; but the performance of so distinctly devotional an act in the presence of a stranger was as astounding to him as it was unremarkable to the Scotsman, who complacently replied, his mouth full of bread and cheese:

"Officer of Ballantyne kirk, and a man of peace toward all."

"Yet you travel armed," suggested Fitzroy doubtfully.

"A commendable means of securing peace, is it not, sir? I hear over-much of these so-called 'gentlemen of the road,' who kill a man in haste and discover his poverty at leisure, to have a mind to ride unprotected when I am traveling alone."

"Have you ever heard," asked Fitzroy carelessly, "of one they call, the Irish Paddy, who hath been making himself somewhat officious in these parts?" The Scotsman shook his head. The slow-creeping twilight hid the slow-creeping red in Fitzroy's face, as he said lightly:

"Oh, well, these gentry practice for gain, rather than fame, so 'tis not surprising you should not have heard of him yet. Besides, he hath so far kept his hands clean of blood, they say, which saves a deal of notice. But may I ask, sir, why 'tis you appear to grudge these poor fellows the name of gentleman, to which many of them, by birth at least, are entitled?"

"Because,"—the speaker's utterance was still rendered indistinct by vigorous mastication, while Fitzroy sat and unhappily eyed his food,— "being, by birth at least, personally disqualified for that title, I am honest man, begrudge it to a set of cowardly thieves. 'Twas a long time since most of them were born, and I hold that their patent of gentility hath expired. After all, 'tis but a bit of Judas-work, betraying their harmless fellows for a few filthy coins. Pah! I am a farmer, and work in the dirt all day, but I would not touch such money."

"Hold, sir!" cried Fitzroy impetuously, while the old woman frowned in the back-ground. "You are harsh, methinks. I, too, am honest, yet I have the poor man's sympathy for him who feels the world owes him a living and the right to collect it."

"And I," disputed McDougall, "have the poor man's sympathy for those who, having by hard labor collected it, desire to keep it. 'Tis natural, is it not?"

"You argue well, sir; yet there is something to say for the highwaymen sometimes. Take the case of him I just spoke of, the Irishman they call 'Paddy of the Road.' 'Tis not a man I admire, nor would I willingly stand in his shoes; yet 'tis said he was a fine, gallant lad ten years since, ruined at cards by a cheating gamester Colonel whom he could not denounce."

"Why," said the Scotsman, "that I call cowardice."

"What mean you, sir! What dare you?" Fitzroy's hand was where soldiers carry their swords. He had sprung to his feet, and his voice echoed indignantly to the low rafters. "I will not,—tut, what a vile temper I am in, for that I am crossed in a friendly argument! Pardon me, sir; and laugh at my heat as much as you wish."

But it was not laughter that looked out in the steadfast gaze of McDougall, who had laid down his knife and fork. The two men were alone, the woman having slipped out to fodder the horses. In sick-

ening anxiety Fitzroy awaited the next speech, whose slow, unchanged tones brought the breath back to his quivering body.

"I, myself, may wax as hot in putting the other case,—that of the honest wayfaring man of trade or toil. I, for instance, of course, carry naught worth taking."

Of course not," agreed Fitzroy craftily, the traveler's previous words yet ringing in his ears: "My horse carries a heavy load."

"Yet, were it but thirty shillings, or but one shilling, or but sixpence, I would not deliver it up for thirty blunderbusses in my face. Folly it may be,—I claim not that it is courage, yet 'tis the British nature that I have. Who took it must take my life,—and life is sweet to me. You eat nothing, sir."

"'Tis this cursed choking bread," said Fitzroy, breathing heavily. "Here, woman, have you no more milk?"

"Nay, sir,—the crone had reappeared,—not a drop more. My cow is gone dry."

"I have plenty in my dish," interposed McDougall. "Nay, man, dip in, dip in! We farmers stick not at fine table civilities."

A certain sombre determination in his piercing eyes compelled Fitzroy to obey reluctantly. Then he did not eat the bread.

"You have not asked me why life is sweet," said the Scotsman. "Surely a happy man should be an object of curiosity! Since you ask not, I will tell you of mine own accord: I am passably young, I have health and strength, I have land enough to wring a living from, and in December I am to marry the sweetest girl in all Scotland."

"Gentlemen," interrupted their sinister-faced hostess, "am I bid to make up beds here? or do you purpose to take the road?" McDougall hesitated. "First show me how my horse is lodged," he said to the old dame. Scarce had they disappeared together into the dusky doorway of the dilapidated outhouse before the woman sped eagerly back to Fitzroy.

"Quick," she whispered, pulling him into the house. "Here," producing a pistol from a cupboard,—'tis his; I cut it from his holster whilst you supped. You need not fear him now. 'Tis a coward, anyway."

"Tis a brave man!" said Fitzroy. "Yet if he sleeps here I need not—Woman, he fed me from his own dish. And he would have dined me at the Golden Goblet, had I dared to show myself there."

"He hath reckoned for the supper already," grinned the crone. "I sped back to tell you where he carries his money."

"In his saddle-bags."

"Nay, 'tis in a little buckskin bag within his coat. It elinks most amazing heavy, nor would he pull the string. After all, 'tis a trust and must not be touched," he said, and paid me with a shilling from another pocket. Why hang you back, sir?"

A sudden sound snote the highwayman's ears before he could answer,—the sound of swift hoofs splashing on a wet road. Breaking to the door, he saw a horse and rider making furious haste. His prey had escaped him.

"Quick, fool, my horse!" he cried, flinging himself frantically across the breast when she brought it, and extending, instead of good-bye, a hasty hand for the purloined pistol. He could scarcely account for his change of mood. Chagrin at being outwitted, fear of remaining as tame sport for the old woman's gibes, pricked him on. His fresher horse quickly outran the traveler's more jaded one, which, at the sound of a shot behind, threw his wounded rider in the thick mud and galloped on, mad with terror.

In the one instant of Fitzroy's dismounting the hurt man struggled to his feet. "Come on sir," he said, with ghastly composure. "You have not yet dipped your hands in blood. You dipped them last,—in my dish,—you wretched betrayer,—coward!" As he fell in the vain attempt to pull his adversary down with him, one sharp cry of pain, of human dependence, quivered in the

air, preceding a deadly stillness: "Kitty!"

The face bending fiercely over him blanched at the sound, more than at the scarlet stream which soaked the grass where he fell.

"Why need he shriek that?" muttered Fitzroy. "'Tis strange. In faith, I would his Kitty had him, and I the buckskin bag."

Recalled to the need for haste, he knelt down and fumbled for the bag, opened it,—and then laughed, loudly and heartily. "Shillings! One, two,—he counted thirty, and his hand shook. He wished mightily it had been any other number, even a lesser; and could not have sworn that the pale, dead, scornful lips besides him did not repeat: "'Tis a bit of Judas-work."

In the bag lay a letter, whose address.

"To Mrs. Dorothy White, Durham,"

struck him with a vague, unpleasant sense of familiarity:

"Dr. Aunt," it read, "these 30s. will be handed you by a brave gentleman and true, Mr. Duncan McDougall of this place. Him I am to marry in a little time. The silver pieces are for you to add to that I gave you for wedding gown. You, however, Aunt, promised me that favour to pay for me. Send it back by him, and I pray you of yr. courtesy to love him as you love me, for I love him as I do my self. Yr. most dutiful niece."

"KITTY FITZROY."

Thirty pieces of silver, flung in as many different directions, splashed into the little roadside ditches. "I have betrayed the innocent blood!" cried Fitzroy.

His face was ashen. He peered with eyes of horror at the still thing at his feet. "A bad business!" he muttered. "Brother-in-law, I could wish you a better part in the play than that of my first victim."

He heard horse-hoofs, and trembled like an aspen. Hastily wiping his fingers in the moist grass, he mounted his horse and rode off, with savage spurs in his sides.

The hoofs followed,—then abruptly stopped where the wounded man had laboriously risen on one elbow, watching the highwayman's fleeing figure. At a familiar neigh he smiled grimly and painfully, first glancing at the untouched panniers of the Ballantyne kirk's good gold, which lay on the faithful creature's back, then at the muddy coins scattered round him. His stunned senses rallied slowly.

"Kitty! I never cry for her coins," he said feebly. "Gin I live to come back. Ay, I'll live. Were I no better kirk officer than you poor craven makes of a highwayman, 'twould go ill! Why called he me 'brother'?"

And Fitzroy, speeding frantically on into the dusk, scourged by visions of a Last Judgment when he should stand with Cain and Judas, looked not back to tell him.

Michigan City, Ind.

As we glanced our eye over the columns of the Sept. 7th issue of the JOURNAL, and took in a whiff of the Milwaukee breezes, we spied a line that fairly turned our head with vanity, i.e.—"Pat's" words: "I love Pitti Sing very much."

And for an instant we were puffed up to such a degree, it was impossible to tell what would happen next. But the few lines that followed threw a damper on our egotism, and caused our spirits to sink way below zero, for "Pat" had the audacity to add:—"I mean I do not love the personality but just the name 'Pitti-Sing,' because it is so musical."

Of course our innate modesty makes us fully cognizant of the fact that is impossible for any sane person to fall in love with Pitti-Sing's personality, but my dear "Pat," was it necessary to tell us so in such plain, unvarnished English, and have it staring at us in quarter inch type?

Didn't you know, that's our misfortune, not our fault?

We recognize in "Pat" a fellow correspondent who has occasionally contributed articles to the JOURNAL, and as we have always perused her bright missives with a keen relish and also heard of her from others; and moreover, as newspaper correspondents are wont to fraternize together, we have a friendly feeling for "Pat" that's wondrous kind.

So we will overlook the little thrust at our personality, and to show that we harbor no ill-will, we shall proceed to give the facts of how we fell heir to our quaint *nom de plume*, for Pat's special delectation.

"Pitti-Sing," you must remember is a Japanese name, and is not derived, as some think, from the phrase occasionally seen in the papers about "So and So" going to hear the great Adeline Patti sing.

In the days of "auld lang syne" at the Indiana school, when we were just turning "sweet sixteen," an entertainment was given in honor of members of the legislature who had secured a big appropriation for the Institution, and among the many attractions was a fan drill by three girls attired in Japanese costume, fearfully and wonderfully made,—with gay little fans stuck in their pompadours and their comical faces powdered and painted to such a degree they looked for all the world as if they had been through a flour barrel and had powder enough to make biscuits. The teacher who drilled the trio, had a picture of three cute little Japanese maidens, called respectively, "Yum—Yum," "Peek-Bo" and "Pitti-Sing," and we were the prototype of "Pitti-Sing."

Afterward when we received our sheepskin and left our Alma Mater, we were asked to write for the school paper, "The Silent Hoosier," and that was the beginning of our "literary career,"—if such it may be termed. At that time every one was using a fictitious name to their newspaper articles, and we wanted to keep our light under a bushel measure, because we didn't care to let folks see how smart it was, so we followed in their wake and assumed the one "Pitti-Sing." And so,—to make a longer story short, Pitti-Sing we have always been to the newspaper world, and Pitti-Sing we will remain to the end of the chapter, even if the chapter never comes to an end.

Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Bowes, of Chicago, returned home Sept. 29th, from a two weeks' sojourn in Laporte county. They were the guests of the Whitmores at Laporte, of Nordykes at Door Village, of Barnum Cross at Waterford, and last but not least, of Pitti-Sing at Michigan City. We leave it to them to tell the Chicago deaf how they enjoyed their visit.

On September 16th, the Dunkard denomination at Waterford, having among its members eleven deaf persons, held its annual love feast and the ceremony of feet washing.

Mr. George Hayes, of Benton Harbor, Mich., was one of those present from a distance to take part in the feast.

A large number of other deaf from Laporte, Michigan City and vicinity, were present as lookers-on. Mrs. Ben Nordyke, of Door Village, won the first premium on a knitted bedspread at the Laporte County Fair last week, it being the second time Mrs. Nordyke has received a prize for similar work.

Miss Daisy Hostetler and Mrs. Chas. Clow, of Michigan City, went to Laporte by rail, September 30th, to attend the Mission meeting.

Mr. Will Greathouse, of Michigan City, was married September 27th, to Miss Krouts, of Denver, Ind., and the couple will be at home in this city after October 2d. Both are former pupils of the Indiana School, Mr. Greathouse being a cabinetmaker by trade.

Messrs. H. W. Whitmore and John Steele went to Indianapolis, on an excursion, October 1st, Mr. Whitmore returning the same day, and Mr. Steele remaining to resume his studies at the State Institution. Mr. Henry Miller, of Union Mills, also returned to school last week.

Rev. Hasenstab preached at Elkhardt, September 28th, and at South Bend on the 29th. At the latter place, the newly elected officers are: Mr. Asbury Arnot, President; Mr. Frank Cope, Secretary; Mrs. Arnot, Treasurer and leader of the weekly Bible meetings.

September 30th, saw the beginning of the fifth year of the Laporte Mission for the deaf, and the members feel well gratified that they have been able to continue the meetings thus far.

Everything has been in perfect harmony, the financial affairs running smoothly and the pastor in

charge. Rev. Hasenstab has done faithful and conscientious work. Three persons have joined the church and two been baptized, and the members feel as enthusiastic as when the Mission was first organized.

In the near future, it is proposed to organize classes in the different towns here, to meet weekly, and Mr. Hasenstab appointed as leaders: Mr. Nordyke, for Door Village; Mr. Whitmore, for Laporte; and Miss Hostetler, for Michigan City.

At the meeting Saturday, Mr. Will Garwood was elected president; Miss Mabel Conner, secretary; Mr. Whitmore and Joshua Loving, re-elected treasurer and usher, respectively.

The treasurer reported \$26.04 collected during the year, and over \$10.00 still in the treasury, besides the \$13.50 presented to the pastor. The secretary's report contained nothing of importance. At the close of the meeting, a gift of \$13.50 was presented to the pastor by the members, as a token of appreciation of his work in their behalf, Miss Hostetler making the presentation speech. Thirteen deaf and four hearing persons were present.

When Rev. Hasenstab again visits the mission, he will have received elder's orders, and will then be privileged to serve communion. Rev. Hasenstab will be at Indianapolis, New Albany and Alexandria, the latter part of October, and from there will go to South Bend and Laporte to hold meetings, being at the latter place, October 28th.

Miss Mabel Conner, of Laporte, recently had the misfortune to lose a purse containing something over ten dollars, while returning from a shopping trip to Chicago. A few days later she lost another purse which contained some loose change, on the way home from the fair at Laporte. Truly, as the wise men say,—"Misfortunes never come singly."

H. W. Whitmore, of Laporte, recently had quite a serious mishap while returning from Waterford one evening. He, in company with Mrs. Whitmore, Mrs. Hunt, of South Bend, and Miss Conner, were on their way home from attending meeting at the Dunkard Church, Mr. Whitmore and Miss Conner riding on their wheels, while the other two ladies followed in a carriage. A thunder storm was brewing, and Mr. Whitmore may have been gazing at the darkening sky and wondering if when the storm broke they would be compelled to seek shelter under the trees and camp out like "Babes in the wood." Any way, before he was aware of it, his beloved wheel struck some unseen obstacle with sufficient force to break the top bar of the wheel and the rider was unceremoniously precipitated over the handle bars head foremost, his head striking the ground with such force as to make him see innumerable stars, (though the sky was inky black),—then rendered him unconscious. It took some time for him to revive, with help of the ladies. The assistance of a nearby farmer was enlisted, and Mr. Whitmore and his dilapidated wheel conveyed home in a big farm wagon. A doctor was summoned and found Mr. Whitmore suffering badly from a bruised face and cut lip, swollen to twice its normal size, which has not yet entirely healed,—two weeks later.

Mrs. Whitmore has gone to Mishawaka to visit relatives for a couple of weeks.

Miss Daisy Hostetler, of this city, will go to Chicago this week to visit a brother and attend the grand ovation in honor of Admiral Dewey. Oct. 1, 1899. PITTI-SING.

Helping a Tartar.

A singular custom prevails among the Tartars of Kurds. If a man gets into difficulties—i.e., loses his cattle or other movable property—he pours a little brown sugar into a piece of colored cloth, ties it up and carries one such parcel to each of his friends and acquaintances. In return he is presented, according to circumstances, with a cow, or sheep, or a sum of money. He is thus at once set on his legs again.

Man glories in his strength and woman glories in her new bonnet.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 12, 1890.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

THE following circular is recommended to the attention of the deaf in the United States and Canada. The late Dr. Buxton was a great friend of the deaf, and one actively engaged in promoting their educational and material welfare throughout his long life. Deaf delegates to the Paris Congress in 1889, will remember him as the kindly guide and interpreter during their stay in London. He it was who interpreted the remarks of the Dean of Westminster, on the occasion of the visit, by the delegates in a body, to Westminster Abbey. Those wishing to contribute can send their contributions to Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C.

ST. STEPHEN'S RECTORY,
CHORLTON-ON-MEDLOCK MANCHESTER.

DEAR SIR OR MADAM:—A Memorial, numerously signed, having recently been presented to the First Lord of the Treasury, with a view to secure a Civil List Pension for Mrs. Buxton, the widow of the late Dr. DAVID BUXTON, the petitioners have been informed that "if those who are interested in the case are prepared to show their appreciation of her husband's work, by raising a Testimonial Fund for the purpose of providing her with a Life Annuity, Mr. BALFOUR will be happy to contribute a donation of £200 from the Royal Bounty Fund as soon as £100 has been subscribed outside."

May we ask that you will kindly allow your name to be added to the list of subscribers as a donor of whatever amount you may deem expedient? The story of Dr. Buxton's life work in the interest of the Deaf-Mutes need not be recapitulated here; and the worthiest appreciation of his long and arduous labours lies in the endeavour to thus smooth and cheer the declining years of his widow. It would be more than a pity to let the above generous offer lapse through lack of corresponding interest and effort.

Contributions will be thankfully received at the above address, and gratefully acknowledged by

Yours Respectfully,
(Rev) J. B. MCGOVERN,
W. S. BESSANT, Hon. Treasurer,
Royal Schools for the Deaf and Dumb.

THE deaf of different States are being well provided for in this year of grace 1899. New School buildings are being erected for their accommodation and education, which shows an increasing amount of legislative attention and wisdom concerning the needs of the deaf, and the advantage to the community in having them properly educated.

In Ohio, a magnificent school building is about completed, for the school at Columbus.

In Michigan, about the middle of last month, work was begun upon an excellently planned school building for the Institution at Flint.

At Austin, Tex., a new dormitory building is provided for by State appropriation.

And, last of all, comes the first school for the deaf in America—"Old Hartford"—on whose grounds last week was staked out the site of a new school building, which is to be erected at once.

QUITE an onslaught at the management of the Nebraska Institution, at Omaha, is being made by the Omaha dailies. There are columns of complaint and censure, and instances of ill-treatment of pupils cited in these papers. They also charge that the superintendent is more interested in partisan politics than in the welfare of the school.

Hartford School.

NEW SCHOOL BUILDING TO BE ERECTED.

The new building for the American School at Hartford for the Deaf, will be staked out this morning. The building will be erected from plans by Architect William C. Brocklesby, and will occupy a site on the grounds of the school facing Garden Street.

The material used in construction will be red brick with Flemish bond laid up in white mortar, and also used in quoins, the stone finish being gray Indiana limestone with base course of sand stone and steps of granite. Gray brick is called for on portions of the interior walls, notably throughout staircase enclosures and at the main entrance vestibule and from beams and girders also enter into the construction.

The roof will be covered with dark slate and the lofty portico at the front as well as the piazza, two-storied in the rear, will be built of wood with metal roofs.

The building is 54 feet wide and 125 feet long, with wings on each corner, 17x20.8 feet, built at an angle of forty-five degrees from the main structure. It is three stories high exclusive of attic and basement, the latter owing to nature of the site being advantageously located. The exterior is simply treated and devoid of elaboration, depending for effectiveness upon the massing of the features and carefully studied proportions. The plan is laid out on axis lines, giving the main entrance a central location and a central hall extending the entire length of the building. Mill construction or slow-burning construction will be used, and great care has been taken to avoid possibility of fire doing any damage. The outside walls are not furrowed but are plastered on hollow brick, the separate lines of staircase will be enclosed within brick walls and will be constructed of iron, with safety treads, and other protective features have been introduced.

The basement has two ample entrances and contains a dining room, sun-exposed, 30x42, and well lighted and furnished with open fireplace, the kitchen, serving room, storeroom, pantry, servants' dining room, large play rooms and convenient toilets. The first floor is planned with six well lighted classrooms and an office. In the rear are located the matron's room, between two studies, one for girls and one for boys. These rooms open upon a wide piazza, and each has a fireplace of stone. Upon the second floor are the various dormitories, equipped with lockers, the bath rooms, supervisors' rooms, matron's chamber, and dining room for officers, served by a lift running in a separate shaft from serving room below, also linen rooms. The third floor contains rooms for teachers, sewing room, spare chambers and (separately planned and accessible from one of the main staircases) servants' quarters with bath room. The principal features of this floor are two hospitals, each with private bath room, and nurse's room in close proximity, with linen rooms, near which is a lift. The hospitals have good sun exposure and are furnished with open fireplaces.

The finish throughout will be principally brown ash, and floors will be laid with rift grain hard pine. Hard plaster on metal lath will be used on ceilings and partition walls. Special attention will be paid to the subject of plumbing and location of these fixtures has been carefully studied. The heating of this building will be accomplished by means of an outside plant. Steam heat will be used and a thorough system, both of heat and ventilation, will be installed. Iron fire escapes connecting with each floor are to be built at either end of the building.

The contract, awarded yesterday, to Hascal Dodge, of Springfield, Mass., calls for completion of the building early next summer.—*Hartford Courant, October 5.*

HALLOWEEN PARTY.

On Tuesday evening, October 31st, there will be a Halloween entertainment given in the Guild room of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, for the benefit of the church. Admission will be fifteen cents.

MISS GUSSIE BERLEY,
MRS. W. BUEHL.

MATRIMONIAL.

Miss Mamie A. Bennett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Bennett, of Avondale, Pa., will be married on Tuesday, October 17th, to Oliver R. Greenfield, a stone cutter at the marble quarries.

A deaf-mute of Sioux Falls, S. Dakota, has recently deserted his wife, taking the and furniture along with him. His name is Victor Neprach, and his poor wife has gone insane because of her desertion.

An error occurred in the item about the Pan American Fishing Club. It was stated that after May 1st, members would "pay more." It should have read "pay no more."

A man may know love by heart and yet be unable to define it.

NEW YORK.

I. N. Soper's Birthday Stag.

A TRIP TO LAKE SUCCESS.

News Items of Interest Culled from Battery to Bronx.

[Mr. A. L. Pach's address is 250 W. 125th St. (Room 4) New York.]

Mr. Isaac Newtown Soper, on Tuesday, Oct. 10th, rounded out his half century of life by entertaining his fellow Surds in a purely informal way, at the Surds club rooms. It is hard to reconcile Mr. Soper's youthful appearance and youthful ways with a lifetime of fifty years. No gray hairs tell of it, no weakening of faculties hint it; yet Mr. Soper first saw daylight at Lowell, Mass., Oct. 10th, 1849.

If we may judge from the way Mr. Soper sprints' way ahead of his fellow wheelmen, fifteen to twenty years younger, we conclude that in Mr. Soper's case "Old Time is a Lie."

Many of the friends of Principal and Mrs. E. A. Gruvet of the Lexington Ave. School, will learn here, for the first time, that they experienced great joy in the arrival of a little boy, which joy was turned to mourning by death of the little one shortly after.

A meeting of the Parishioners of St. Ann's was held on Thursday evening, in the Guild rooms, and business transacted was mostly of a routine nature.

Sunday before last a half score of wheelmen decided to pay a surprise visit to Mr. E. Souweine, who resides on 186th St. The wheelmen were surprised to find the Souweine family out. Mr. Souweine was surprised on his return to find he had missed his callers. The neighbors were surprised to know so many deaf men rode wheels. The wheelmen were surprised to find that "Jordan is not the only hard road to travel," for they ran up against that 176th Street hill.

The Union League members have not found a suitable room as yet, and they are, as a result, still homeless.

The Surds' entertainment on Dec. 4th, will be a gala affair, and the attendance promised to be very large. Out of town people are fixing on Dec. 4th as the date of their annual trip to New York. The Military drill is going to be a taking feature, and the reviewing officer will be Lieut. Hazzard, 1st Lieut. of the 5th U. S. Artillery, who is adjutant of the Military Post and Academy at West Point.

If official duties do not prevent, it is quite likely that Rear Admiral John W. Philip, and other Naval dignitaries, will be present.

It is not an idle or empty boast when we state that the capacity of Lyric Hall will be tested, and that those who are not wise enough to purchase tickets beforehand will not be able to buy seats at the door.

Sunday, October 8th, would have been an ideal autumnal day, but for a gale of wind that blew at such a rate that the Silent Wheelmen (the riders have taken the old name without the organization) saw they couldn't reach Huntington in time to get back the same day, so on the arrival of the three divisions at Jamaica, it was decided to continue on to Lake Success as one party, and so delighted were they that they are going to repeat the run next Sunday (Oct. 15th).

As it is desired to have every deaf rider of New York and Brooklyn participate, and see for themselves the beauties of marvelous Lake Success, all are earnestly invited to take part—woman cyclists as well as men.

New York's divisions leave foot of East 99th Street, at 9 A.M., ferry to College Point, thence to Flushing, (2 miles) and to Jamaica (44 miles) or 34th Street ferry, 9 A.M. at Jamaica (9 miles). At Pettitt's Hotel, Brooklyn riders and New York's two divisions will consolidate and continue through Queens and over the Jamaica Pike to Lake Success.

The Lake Success Hotel furnishes a fine substantial dinner for fifty cents, which was served to over to two hundred wheelmen last Sunday, all of them very much more than satisfied. After dinner boats were taken to various nooks along the shores of this lake, which appears to be bottomless except near the shore sides, where the water is clear as crystal. Chestnuts, Walnuts and Hickory nuts abound, and "Pop" Smith's farm on the northwest shore is a place where the true farm hospitality is dispensed. "Pop" is a colored man, talks by means of the two hand alphabet to his deaf friends (and we all voted ourselves his friend.) Apples, peaches, grapes and other farm fruits are yours—he leads you through his orchards and feels aggrieved if you don't take all you can carry.

On the return two boats were manned, made up of crews representing Brooklyn and New York—Donnelly, Kinsey, Healy, O'Brien and Kinsey, Jr., against Soper, Lounsbury, Conlon, Thompson and Pach, the last mentioned crew capturing second honors.

Master Kinsey, a nine-year-old son of George L. Kinsey, covered the thirty-mile run without fatigue, and on the stretch between Little Neck and Broadway made the pace. At the Grand Opera House last week, thousands saw W. J. Fielding's massive melodramatic production "A Grip of Steel," now in its second year under the Fielding management. This play will be seen in all the principal cities, and it is so interesting that a deaf man can sit through it from the rise to the fall of the curtain without experiencing a dull moment.

Appropos of Manager Fielding, his name isn't very familiar yet, but that is due to the fact that he has been the working manager for other Managers. "The Span of Life," "Northern Lights," "Power of the Press" and other big productions were under his management, and he contributed a great deal to the financial and artistic success of these plays. It is said (though no confirmation is at hand) that Ignatius Wein, a former Fanwood boy, died last Wednesday, at his home in Hoboken, N. J.

Two deaf-mutes, David Miller and Louis Samuels, have opened a cobbler establishment at 21 Coenties Slip. Though these young men did not remain at school as long as they should, it is evident that they are hustlers of the right type.

The *Daily News* of a recent date gave considerable space to a narrative detailing the muscular abilities of David Costuma, who, in his neighborhood, is known as the "Silent Sandow."

Mr. Chester Q. Mann officiated at St. Ann's on Sunday last. Fifteen deaf people went away edified by the scriptural truths Mr. Mann expounded on. Next Sunday Dr. Gallaudet will interpret a sermon by Rev. Dr. Maynard, a prominent divine.

Dr. George Hare, once a teacher at Fanwood, pitcher on the Fanwood Athletic Association nine, and later instructor at St. Paul's School, Garden City, L. I., has opened an office for the practice of medicine on 32d Street, and divides his time between his practice and his duties at the last named institution.

Samuel Frankenhelm photographed the sunken "Lona" of the Mallory Line at her pier, for his employers. Another deaf photographer, A. L. Pach, photographed the "Columbia" and "Erin" from the deck of the Chicago, under revenue Custom Service cutter "Manning" on the fourth trial for the Cup, through the courtesy of Capt. R. D. Evans, U. S. N., whose guest he was.

It is said that a young uneducated girl, by the name of Blum, whose home is on Division Street, rooms round the East side instead of being sent to school. Sylvester Fogarty, an old time Fanwood boy, now a prosperous farmer near Jamaica, L. I., met the wheeling contingent at Pettitt's Hotel, Sunday, and would have accompanied them, but for the death of a family friend.

The *Rockland County Journal*, of October 7th, publishes the following concerning Catherine Blauvelt, whose death was recorded in this column last week. Miss Blauvelt had a life interest in \$18,000, which, by her death, goes to a Nyack church.

Catherine Blauvelt, sister of the late Mrs. Annand, died in a sanatorium in Jersey City last Friday of cancer. Funeral services took place in the Nyack Reformed Church on Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, the Rev. Dr. W. J. Leggett, pastor officiating. The interment was in Oak Hill Cemetery.

Miss Blauvelt was around as usual a few days before her death, and her friends did not realize that they would be called upon so soon to attend her funeral. Many people in town knew Miss Blauvelt and esteemed her very highly. She had a pleasant smile for every one and her presence always brought sunshine with it. She was remarkably intelligent and well read and, although a deaf mute, she conversed fluently by means of the sign language with those who understood it and by means of a writing tablet with others. In former years she was a teacher in a deaf and dumb institution and her cheerful manner drew a large circle of friends to her. The departed was a woman of highest character and her death is deeply regretted in this community.

A. L. PACH.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES OCTOBER 15TH—TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, 3 P. M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, New York. Rev. Dr. Maynard will preach the sermon, to be interpreted by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. Please invite hearing friends to attend.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. St. Peter's Church, Port Chester. Trinity Church, Newark, Holy Communion.

Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes, 11 A.M. Holy Communion, and 3 P. M.

Services in the Diocese of Albany.

SUNDAY, OCT. 15.

10:30 A.M.—Morning Prayer and sermon, St. Paul's, Troy.

TUESDAY, OCT. 17.

8:00 P.M.—Public meeting at St. Paul's Parish House, Troy.

CHICAGO.

Crowds at the Autumnal Festival.

MR. HASENSTAB NOW AN ELDER.

News Items About the Deaf.

[News items for this column may be sent to James Irwin Sansom, Money Order Division, Chicago Postoffice.]

New York has had its Dewey Celebration—the Western Metropolis is having its autumnal Festival. Something is up when you find that you can not be waited upon quick enough in the restaurant, and moreover the bill of fare is short. The stranger in large numbers has arrived, and it explains your predicament. You imagine you can pick him out when he stops to look up at the sky-scrapers, and when he asks questions of the streets.

There is a stamp of rural honesty, simplicity and modesty, about our country cousin, that appeals to our hearts, and am sure no one thinks of refusing to extend urban courtesies to him. He will go back to the farm and village and tell the less fortunate that he saw the city bathed in electric light—the bicycle-parade through two walls of surging humanity that all the Blue Coats could not control—the great parade of Monday, witnessed by President McKinley, ending in the grand climax—the laying of the cornerstone of what may probably be the finest Post Office building in the world.

State Street has been transformed as if by magic, and one feels if he was in a strange city instead of the old Winty City—of fire-destruction faced. At the corners four pillars grouped together, lighted by flambeaux and surmounted by the stars and stripes. Diametrically across the corners electric globes are stretched. One can imagine this transformation in imitation of Rome, when she celebrated the triumph of a Caesar or a Pompey. Had Dewey not gone to his Green Mountain Home, the whole ceremonies would have appeared to have been gotten up for his especial benefit; as it, is his absence mars the otherwise perfectly arranged festival. Still President McKinley has come to the rescue, and he has been banqueted by the Marquette Club the first day of his arrival at the Auditorium Hotel. Naturally, he will be the central figure of the laying ceremonies on Monday.

A visit to the site revealed the seats of the parade arranged and alphabetized, the cornerstone encased in the Union flag and watched over by a Blue Coat, and the Union League Club House decorated.

Prof. J. Schuyler Long, of the Wisconsin State School, took Rev. P. J. Hasenstab's place in the Methodist pulpit, October 8th, and for his text, James 1:22. A synopsis of it is worth giving, as it is a practical, common sense sermon. Deception may be called the most common vice among us. It is even carried so far that deception in business is called shrewd and connived at as such. The ostrich in hiding its head and leaving its body exposed, and imagining that it was hidden out of sight might, find exponents in ourselves in believing ourselves safe, yet exposing ourselves. Self-analysis should be of great assistance in not deceiving others and ourselves.

Mr. Zollinger rendered the 100th psalm "Invitation to worship," and Mrs. Roth, "Transcendancy of love" at the beginning and closing of the sermon.

Rev. Mr. P. J. Hasenstab sent word that he had passed the Minister's examination at Rockford, and therefore his elevation to an eldership was guaranteed. His congregation was overjoyed to hear of it. Mrs. Hasenstab and daughter join him at Rockford this week. He returns to Chicago after having held services at Beldvidere and Rockford.

The Fall Festival brought quite a number of mute visitors to the city, and they were evidently aware that something good was going on.

Daisy Hosteler, of Michigan City, Ind., accompanied by her brother and his wife, were at the Methodist services last Sunday.

Mrs. Kerney, of Decatur, Ill., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Dougherty, 6008 Wabash Avenue. The bright smile that has been seen at the California, Columbus, St. Paul Conventions, accompanies her still. Miss Samantha Pritchell, of Linton, Indiana, one of the fair daughters of that state, was in the city on her way home from St. Joe, Mo.

Miss Bartlett has returned to West Virginia, and that so sudden that a purposed party in her honor by Mr. and Miss Wayman had to be given up.

Mr. Jacobs returned from Detroit, and is re-employed with the Crane Malleable Iron Works. He sighs for the days when, as card writer at

Mt. Clemens, Michigan, a water resort, he raked in the shekels from the aristocratic people, and especially from Algernon Van Rensselaer, when the latter was calling on Clara Vere de Vere.

Miss Morey, of Wisconsin, is still the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Brimble. Richard L. H. Long is working with Mr. Kleinhans. The latter reports work on the *Drug and Oil Review* as rushing.

Frank McHugh, of Detroit, and core-maker by occupation, is visiting Chicago. He was President of the Detroit Clerc Club when it was organized. He says the club has a fine room, steamheated and centrally located, for which it pays only five dollars a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Buchan will move from opposite Washington Park to Indiana Avenue. Mr. Buchan got his white hat and badge, as well as your correspondent, and will parade the streets with the Post-office division.

MILWAUKEE.

The beautiful summer has come and gone, and autumn is here, and yet, I did not realize this fact until last evening, when the wind blew the falling leaves into my face. And then a feeling of sadness and longing came over me, which I was unable to resist. My escort chatted in a gay and cheerful strain, but try as I would, I could not think of anything but the poor leaves, and what they taught me. When one sees the leaves ruthlessly crushed and blown about, one cannot help thinking of comparisons between their lives and our lives, our aspirations, our hopes, but above all the days that are no more. Some of us meet with cruel disappointments, or have our hopes ruthlessly crushed to the ground, and yet we do not remain long in the depths of despair, for God has given us hope, which, like a faithful guiding star, never entirely deserts us, and we rise again, feeling stronger and all the better prepared for the battle-field of life. The leaves like, some of our hopes, go to sleep for awhile, but they always come back in the spring. And so whenever one feels discouraged, or is well-nigh crushed by some heavy sorrow, there is some consolation in thinking of the dying leaves and the spring-time, which is not far off, and which will see the leaves with us again, in all their glory. And here, I might also add that the leaves vividly reminded me of the following quotation from Holmes:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy lowly temples, O my soul!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

As well as this from Bryant:

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall move
Alike a patient gleam, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

So much for the beautiful and sustaining lessons which the leaves taught me.

Last week, Miss Hypatia Boyd enjoyed a few days' pleasant visit at the home of Mrs. Claude M. Johnson (nee Nellie Ward) of Racine, Wis.

On Miss Boyd's return from Racine, a surprise party was given Miss Annie Einlof (Sept. 27th), by a number of young deaf people. The young women brought refreshments, and the young men had, on a previous occasion, agreed to supply the fruit. But for some reason or other, the matter slipped the minds of the men; but, fortunately, the girls had plenty of dainties on hand. To atone for their forgetfulness in fulfilling their duty regarding the fruit, each gentleman present asked the pleasure of one young lady's company to the theatre to see Mantell in "The Dagger and The Cross." This theatre party will take place on the 7th of October, and all anticipate a good time.

Miss Hypatia Boyd still continues to meet her Bible classes every alternate Sunday afternoon. Were it not for her home duties, Miss Boyd would like to devote her life to missionary work among the deaf. We hope she may be able to realize her aspirations some day.

Messrs. John W. Curry, Roman Jankewes, Peter H. Springel and William J. Fitzpatrick, are going to the woods near South Milwaukee, in a few days, to gather nuts. Why do they not ask some of the girls to go with them? Or can it be possible that the boys think the weather is getting too cold for the girls? If they do, they are very much mistaken; for I read somewhere, or may be the doctor told me, that women are able to endure more than the men and live longer, too. I remember something was said about women having nine lives, like a cat, and this astounding intelligence

was said in a very complimentary tone, so that the listener remarked, "that although she did not like to be compared to a cat, so far as endurance was concerned, yet she acknowledged the tribute implied." Yes, it is true that women are more patient than the men, and women are "God's last, best gift from Heaven." You recall what Burns says:

"Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she class, O
Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O."

The writer was very much pleased with the Dewey button which came from a deaf friend in New York City, and "Pat" herewith sends "thanks." Judging from the papers, New York must verily be "Dewey mad," as the phrase goes. What a pity that I could not take a flying trip to New York last week! We thought Dewey would come to Chicago, but that may not be for some time, as the papers say that Dewey is going to Vermont to take a much-needed rest, after he has been to Washington. I wish people would not be so anxious to shake hands with Admiral Dewey; it is quite enough if they get a glimpse of him. Besides, handshaking by thousands and thousands of people—well, how do you suppose you would feel if you had to shake hands with so many persons? What wonder then that Dewey's arm is lame?

Last week, Saturday (please excuse my flitting from subject to subject), there were a number of deaf people to be seen at the Industrial Exposition. All report having had an excellent time, altho' no one seems to have secured a prize except the hearing sister of Mr. John W. Curry. On account of home duties, the writer was unable to be one of the "merry party," at the Exposition.

It being time of the paterfamilias' supper, I must come to an abrupt close.

Sept. 31, '99

PAT.

Tales Told Out of School.

A REMARKABLE CLOSING-OUT SALE.

Stories at the expense of college chaps are always relished, even though, as is too often the case, the narrator gilds them until they are mostly gilding and little foundation in fact. Here is one, however, that is absolutely true, and not many years old, either.

The newly fledged B.A. was just home from the Garlie Ground, the ink on his "sheepskin" was still fresh, and his proud papa and mamma still spoke often and eloquently of his "oration." The head upon him was out of all proportion to his stature and refused to be bound so close to terra firma, so soared in the clouds—no miracle, since it was about as light. Apparently, however, he was trying in all sincerity to bring himself down within hailing distance, occasionally, long enough to say pleasant things to the unfortunate vulgar common herd.

It was at dinner one day that he made a supreme effort, descended from his awe-inspiring height, and informed the lady seated on his right that there was a big closing-out sale at R's—naming a prominent jeweler—and that everything was going at remarkably low prices. "They are closing out the cut-cut" pointing to a fine glass dish on the table and trying vainly to recall the name of the ware—"cutaway, awfully cheap."

SMITH.

HOY.

The Louisvilles beat the Chicagos bad last Saturday, the score being 12 to 6. Hoy made a three-base hit, and the papers headed it thus: "Dummy Hoy made a three-base hit." Dnat the vulgar newspaper man, who uses such language. He is not fit to be called a newspaper man and ought to go to a school, where they teach pure English, supplemented by a course in the school of manners. This habit mars the otherwise fine newspaper make-up. Hoy could make it interesting for the newspapers with a libel suit. It is a clear case of unmerited insolence, and teaches other people to call us dummies. No gentleman ever calls one bereft of hearing a dummy. Only people deficient of self-respect do that. After the season closes, Hoy will join a barn-storming party and play ball in southern towns. He says it is profitable.

Ungrammatically speaking the plural of baby must be twins.

WANTED.

Reliable Deaf-Mute Agents in all parts of United States and Canada, to handle a handsome, moderate-priced (15 cents) publication for the deaf. Illustrated descriptive circular, containing terms and conditions, mailed free to any address. Write early, stating in what paper you saw this ad.

THE CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE,
Hartford, Conn.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Foot Ball Team Scores a Victory and a Defeat.

"LIT" AND FRATERNITY MEETINGS.

Various Notes.

From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 9, 1899.—Probably the most interesting event of the past week has been the opening of the football season. As is usually the case, the first games of the season in Washington have been played by Gallaudet's teams. The Reserves started the ball a rolling, Friday, in a game with the Central High School, winning from the much heavier High School team by a score of 11 to 0. This is the first time, I believe, that the Reserves have ever beaten the first eleven of the Central High School.

But the rooters and other enthusiasts were given a better opportunity to view the game as it should be played Saturday, when the Baltimore Medical College eleven came down to try conclusions with Gallaudet. We lost the game 11 to 0. The explanation lies in the fact that the Medical College men are much heavier than ours, and have been in training longer. Besides nearly all of them have been stars on some of the best teams in the country before going to the Medical College.

From the very beginning of the game the visitors showed their advantage in weight, and their interference and defense was better perfected than Gallaudet's. But they made poor headway, nevertheless, and didn't seem able to gain much more in attacks on Gallaudet's line than did Gallaudet through hers. The visitors scored once in the first half through something akin to a fluke. Gallaudet had the ball but wasn't gaining much, and as time for the half was about up it was thought best to kick out of danger. Geiffuss fell back to kick, but the ball went against some one of the player's anatomy and bounded back past him. The full back of the Medicos grabbed it up, and the gathering of the two teams on the other side of the field gave him a clear track, and he dashed down the field for a touchdown. Goal failed though. Gallaudet put up a stiff game at the beginning of the second half and held her own for quite a while. But the heavier Medicos' backs enabled them at last to make another touch down after fighting all the way across the field, never making more than one, two, or three yards at a time. At the goal line the struggle was desperate. Gallaudet held right at the line for three downs, but at the fourth the Medicos just squeezed over. Goal was kicked, and the score stood eleven to nothing against us.

The entire Gallaudet team did splendid work considering the earliness of the season and the fact that the team had not before lined up against anything stronger than the scrub. But from a spectator's standpoint some of the best defensive work was done by Geiffuss, Wheeler, Kurath, Carrell and Carpenter. In offensive work all three of the backs, Waters, Andree and Barham, did well, as also did Wheeler, Jones and Geiffuss.

The line up was as follows:

GALLAUDET		MEDICAL COLLEGE	
Hemstreet	Center,	Turner	
Jones	Right Guard,	Kee	
Wheeler	Left Guard,	Clasby	
Carpenter	Right Tackle,	Scannone	
Worley and Hewetson			
Kurath	Left Tackle,	Hebebrand	
Geithfuss	Right End,	Dunmore	
Andree	Left End,	Blair	
Barham	Right Half Back,	Stoll	
Waters	Left Half Back,	South	
Carrell	Full Back,	Kenkel	
	Quarter Back,	Noble	

Referee—Mr. Schell. Umpire—Dr. Conley. Linesmen—Strong, Gallaudet; Delaney, Medical.

The next game will come off next Saturday here at home. The visitors will be a League team, Washington College. We have never played foot-ball with his college before, as she was only admitted to the League last Spring. Hence we don't know yet exactly how to size them up.

The Thanksgiving Day game will be with the Young Men's Christian Association. The game with Georgetown will take place November the first.

The regular monthly business meeting of the "Lit" was held Saturday, at which time the following officers were elected to serve through the first term: President Carroll, '00; Vice-President, Taylor, '01; Secretary, Schneider, '02; Treasurer, Schaefer, '02; Librarian, Northern, '02; Critic, Long, '00.

The annual Conclave of the Xi Phi Sigma Fraternity was held Saturday night. All the "Ducks" and one Sophomore, were initiated into the mysteries of the Fraternity. The banquet is to be held next Saturday night, if nothing occurs to prevent.

It is whispered around that the O. W. L. S. held their initiatory meeting on the same night, and that they had something of a banquet also.

A. A. Stutsman, '99, arrived from Philadelphia, Saturday in time to take in the Conclave, but too late to see the ball game. He will remain here a few days and then go to his home in Illinois.

An informal School was given in Chapel Hall, Friday evening. The time was very pleasantly spent in renewing old acquaintances and making new.

Dewey Day, Tuesday, was a holiday, and the students took advantage of it to join with all other admirers of this truly great man in giving him a royal welcome to his home. Perhaps it was one of the most impressive events in the history of the Capitol City. At any rate no other man has ever been given such honor as were given to Dewey. Schley, too, was given a grand ovation by the people.

The first Sunday School concert of the year was held yesterday afternoon. The subject was "Harvest." The chapel platform was tastefully decorated with all kinds of vegetables, fruits, grain, etc., to represent harvest time. Quite a number of students took part in the exercises, as did the children of the Kendall School.

Fellows Dobyns and Mulligan have new Sterling bicycles. The Victor and Sterling seem to be the popular makes with the majority of wheelmen on the green.

R. S. T.

Wonderful Moving Pictures at the Eden Musee.

The most interesting moving pictures ever shown in New York City are now being exhibited at the Eden Musee. New improvements have been made in the cinematograph, and, in addition, a splendid series of pictures have been received from the Philippines, where they were taken by the Musee's own artist. These pictures show scenes in the Philippines and a number of skirmishes. Within two hours after Admiral Dewey arrived in New York City last week, the Musee made arrangements with the Edison Company to take moving pictures. A picture of the Olympia was taken, and, as a special favor to the Musee, Admiral Dewey walked up and down the deck directly in front of the camera. The next evening, this picture was on exhibition at the Eden Musee, and was perfect in every detail. Moving pictures of the naval parade and of the land parade were taken, and are now on exhibition at the Musee. A better view of the hero can be obtained by seeing these pictures than was obtained by any of the people who watched the parade. This extraordinary work marks a new era in moving pictures, and is practically a record-breaker for first class pictures. These pictures are shown nowhere in New York except at the Musee. The interior of the Musee remains practically as it was during the Dewey celebration. The war groups showing all of the heroes are at their best. The cinematograph exhibits every hour. The afternoon and evening concerts are of surpassing interest, and attract all lovers of music. The individual members of the orchestra are all artists, and many of them are excellent singers as well. Their programs consist of selections from the popular operas, and several vocal solos are rendered with orchestra accompaniment. In addition to these attractions, the management has provided a number of dainty extras, which will make the Musee more interesting than ever. During the Dewey celebration, the Musee was so well patronized that thousands of people were turned away. The part the Musee took in the celebration, is well known. Their building was the best-decorated in the city, and they issued free to all an elaborate souvenir program.

Notice to the Deaf of Troy and Vicinity.

A public meeting of the deaf people of Troy and vicinity will be held at St. Paul's Parish House, Troy, at 8 o'clock on Tuesday evening, October 17th. The Rev. Dr. Pendleton, of Schenectady, president of the Commission on Church Work among the Deaf in the Diocese of Albany, will preside, and some of the most prominent clergymen and laymen of the vicinity will be present. The Rev. John Chamberlain, D.D., of New York, will make an address, dealing with the history of missionary work in the city and vicinity. All deaf people of the city, irrespective of creed, are invited to be present, and are assured that the occasion will be most pleasant and profitable.

H. VAN ALLEN.

Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments.

OCTOBER.
15-10:30 A.M., Holy Communion, St. Luke's, Rochester.
15-7:30 P.M., Evening Prayer, St. Luke's, Rochester.

Other appointments between these services will be announced later.

FANWOOD.

Election of Officers of the F. L. A.

FUNERAL OF MRS. VAN TASSELL.

Athletics Begun.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The annual meeting of the Fanwood Literary Association took place in the chapel, Saturday evening, October 7th. Principal Currier as Counselor, *ex-officio*, presided. Recalling past annual meetings, this one presented a marked contrast. Those of the past were often monotonously dull, but year by year enthusiasm increases, and at this meeting each member, from the counselor down, had enthusiasm enough for a dozen, and they gave full vent to it.

The reading of the minutes of the last annual meeting was dispensed with, as it would take sixty hours to read one part of the minute book.

Mr. Fox, the president, followed Mr. Currier and gave a brief review of the work of the year past, speaking in very complimentary terms of the efforts of both pupils and officers in making the year such a success.

In behalf of the Executive Committee, Mr. Jones addressed the assembly. His remarks were in the same strain as his predecessor, and he wished the Association to make greater progress in the year to come. A fitting tribute was paid by Principal Currier, as counselor, to the memory of two of the Association, departed officers,—Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet and Prof. Charles W. Van Tassel. Memorial meetings will be arranged for in the near future.

The Executive Committee, which met Friday morning, had nominated a list of officers for the ensuing year, which list was read by the counselor.

President, Thomas F. Fox; First Vice-President, John H. Keiser; Second Vice-President, Emil Mayer; Secretary, Gertrude Turner; Treasurer, Prudence E. Burchard; Executive Committee—William G. Jones, Isaac B. Gardner, Edward P. Clarke, Edward S. Burdick, Miss Myra L. Barrager, and Miss E. E. Knickerbocker.

The Counselor appointed Misses Lydia Smith, Louise Turner, Captains Reiff and Cohen, and Prof. Jones, to act as tellers, cautioning Miss Turner to do no electioneering for her sister, who was candidate for secretary.

While the ballots were being told, Profs. Burdick, Gardiner and Clarke, gave interesting short talks, reminiscences of literary associations they were members of when they were youngsters, etc.

Mr. Jones gave the result of the voting, and the ballot presented went through with but ten dissenting votes, and the counselor fairly beamed with satisfaction. In bygone days, such a thing as ten dissenting votes was unknown. A hundred was common, and often the whole ticket was scratched.

The newly-elected officers made their bows. Committees were appointed to wait on the lady officers—Miss Burchard, Miss Barrager and Miss Gertrude Turner—for this was in verity their maiden effort, and they had need of masculine support in getting on and off the platform. They got on with some difficulty, and off with amazing alacrity. A storm of applause greeted each of the elected officers, and enthusiasm was on the rampage. It was after nine o'clock, when the counselor turned the meeting over to the re-elected president, Mr. Fox. On motion the meeting adjourned. The Executive Committee will prepare a program for the year, and all look forward to greater advance in the interest shown in the weekly meetings.

The funeral of Clotilde L. Van Tassel, widow of the late Prof. Charles W. Van Tassel, was held in the Church of the Intercession, Thursday evening October 5th, at 8 o'clock. Over one hundred were in attendance, many of them friends of the deceased, who had known her during her pupilage at Fanwood. The pall bearers were Cadets Keiser, Rappolt, Cohen, Reiff, Mayer and Elfein. Rev. M. H. Schway, rector of the church, conducted the services according to the Episcopal ritual, Principal Currier interpreting in the sign-language for the benefit of the many deaf in attendance. Several beautiful floral offerings almost hid the casket, which was of rosewood, with silver fittings. The interment was in Ellenville, by the side of her husband.

The loss is doubly hard to the surviving relatives, particularly to the two sons and daughter. They had just removed from Tarrytown to within a short distance from Fanwood, and were on the point of settling down, when a complication

of diseases from which Mrs. Van Tassel had long been a sufferer, called her from her earthly home in that bright home, where sickness never enters and where parting is unknown. Our sympathy goes out to all the relatives and friends of the deceased.

The family were very anxious that the funeral services be held in St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. But a whole day of search was unavailing to locate one of the ministers. Rev. Dr. Chamberlain was on his vacation, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was out of town. It was said that Dr. Gallaudet was at Morristown, N. J., but a messenger dispatched to that place failed to reach him. It is certainly no credit to the church authorities that such a condition of things should be possible, and the sooner steps are taken to prevent a recurrence, the more nearly will St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes fulfill its mission.

The Proteus was launched in the Hudson River Thursday afternoon. Saturday, the members went over to the Palisades and came back laden with chestnuts, not of the literary variety, but the edible article. Basket ball practice has commenced. Physical Director Cook has a promising lot of candidates for positions on the team. Mr. Gustave Ferret, an artist and modeller, has been busy in the art department the past week, making cast of the designs for a memorial tablet executed by the pupils last spring. Mr. Ferret was employed on the Dewey arch while it was in construction.

THE NATION'S CAPITAL.

A goodly number of our silent friends were on hand to take in the Dewey festivals, and the most of them remained over several days to take in the beauties of the city, but perhaps few if any of them knew that as they stood and watched the great parade pass by, they were looking upon some of their own number. Several took part in the parade of Monday evening, among whom are "Billy" Souder and Lawyer Eagan. Souder not only paraded as a member of the Y. M. C. A., but was also a member of the committee on reception of the Y. M. C. A., and was of course tendered an honorable pass to the grand stand on the Capitol's steps, where the presentation of the sword took place. Mr. Eagan paraded as a member of the Columbian Law School. It should be remembered that he was admitted to the bar, as a patent attorney, last summer, and at present he has opened up a law office in the business centre of the city. As far as we can learn, he has already secured several cases and is doing well.

Among the visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Ritter of Virginia, and Deputy County Clerk Mr. Dodge, of Minnesota. The latter also took in the festivals at New York, and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Roberts.

The mother of "Billy" Souder has come down from her old home in Chicago, and intends to make this city her future home, so "Billy" will have no occasion to grumble at the landladies of the Washington boarding houses in the future.

Mr. Adams is now expecting a brother on his way home from a tour of Europe, the early part of this week.

Miss Winnie Painter, accompanied by her chum, Miss O'Callahan, will make a visit home, some time this week.

Miss Katie Senkind was one of a theatre party, one evening recently, and declares that Golden's Oysters are superb.

Mr. L. H. Le Fevre's fast horse is now entered for the races at the Hagerstown fair, and promises to capture for its owner a prize, if we may judge from its showing at Rockville and Frederick.

The silent folk here have not yet had the pleasure of tendering Mrs. Whitlocke a welcome to the city personally, but she is well known here, and there is no doubt as to her welcome.

Mr. Whitlocke has gone into the dairy business with Mr. Nicholson, the first two mutes to start out on their own hook in this city, and from present appearances, there is every indication that they will carry on a thriving business. Our best hopes go with them. Most people seem to think the deaf are incapable to compete with the hearing, but that is not always a fact. What is usually lacking is will and courageous energy—that does not seem to be lacking in either Mr. Nicholson or Whitlocke, as their customers testify.

Mr. E. E. Hannan celebrated Dewey "night" with a vim and a dash, to such an extent that he failed to notice the warnings "Street Closed," put up where some repairs to a sewer was being done, and the result a friend helped him out of an open sewer, and he had to order a new wheel.

A. D. H.

Mr. F. H. King returned home last week from Boston, where he worked for the celebrated Thos. G. Plant Company, as a cutter. He resumed work at his old place in Lestershire, N. Y.

OHIO.

School Session Now Under Way.

NEW BUILDING NOT QUITE READY.

Bacheberle's Directory—The News.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 963 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Vacation at the Ohio School for the Deaf for 1899, is at an end. Most of the older pupils, with a large sprinkling of new ones, again hold possession of the buildings and grounds, giving indications as if they were old tenants, and there had been no interruption in the routine of school work.

Several of the pupils, eager to resume their studies, arrived several days ahead of time. The teachers, with one exception, were all on hand Tuesday evening, all looking well and refreshed, and able to go through another year's hard work. The scene in the B center hall, just previous to the meeting, was one of greeting and joy among those who are to carry forward the year's work in enlightening those placed under them.

At 7:30 o'clock, the scene shifted to the chapel, and after being called to order by Superintendent Jones, folders, containing printed allotments of opening-day duties, were distributed. On the first page of the folder was printed the following:—

To the Officers, Teachers, and Employees, greetings.—We are just entering upon a new year. I wish to call your attention to the fact that the past year has been the most pleasant one of my administration. So far as I am informed, there were never any harsh words, quarrels, or tears. Truly the one hundred persons employed in the Institution have dwelt together in peace and harmony. This reflects a good deal of credit upon your good sense, culture and refinement. I congratulate you and thank you. May we all strive to maintain the same good fellowship among ourselves the coming year, that we may be enabled to perform our duties faithfully toward the children entrusted to our care.

Sincerely,
J. W. JONES, Supt.

Superintendent Jones then spoke in regard to the new school building, regretting that owing to certain drawbacks which the contractors could not avoid, it would be impossible to commence the term, which all had fondly hoped, in the new edifice, and hence the old school rooms would have to be used for a short time, and hoped they would bear the inconvenience for a little while longer. The enrollment of pupils would be large, the increase of classes, and owing to certain alterations in the old building, some of the classes were left without rooms and hence would have for the time being to double up. Principal Patterson also made a few remarks, congratulating them upon their healthy appearance and eagerness to resume their work.

He referred to the high towers of the new school building indicating their work. They should set their work high, and urge the pupils to do the same; the large and well-lighted rooms meant enlightenment; and the wide halls broader minds for those who treaded them. Wednesday was the "coming-in day" for the children, and the arrivals registered when lights were put out, at 10 in the evening, numbered 390. The 400 mark is already passed, the majority being boys, as was plainly evident in chapel Thursday morning. Here the principal conducted the exercises speaking first of long vacation and urged the pupils to make up for lost time by applying diligently to their books, to be kindly affected to one another, thus making life happier to each one. After repeating the Doxology in concert and a fervent prayer by the Principal, the names of pupils were called by the teacher of each class, beginning with the Senior High School Class. Thus the season of '99-'00, was put in motion, and may it have proved a successful one at its close.

We have been favored with a copy of "Bacheberle's Directory of the Deaf," a little volume of 48 pages, board cover. As its name implies, it is a directory containing the names of deaf-mutes living in the larger cities and county of Ohio, and the two counties of Kentucky lying opposite Cincinnati. A list is given of the schools, societies, missions for the deaf in the state, and the Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf, together with cuts of the buildings of the Day Schools in Cincinnati and Cleveland, the Ohio Institution building, Ohio Home, and the officers of the Anderson Club. It is a valuable publication for the deaf and those having to do with them, and reflects credit upon its author and publisher, Mr. Louis J. Bacheberle, who is a graduate of the Ohio School, where he was first inducted into the "art preservative."

The dedicatory exercises of the new school building will take place October 18th, on which occasion

Governor Bushnell, General R. Brinkerhoff of the State Board of Charities, and Superintendent Jones, will make addresses. Invitations to the affair are now being sent out to prominent educators and people of the State.

Mr. Frank Evans, who was injured last week by being struck by a car, and who, at the time, was thought to be in a serious condition, has sufficiently recovered as to be out of the hospital. He was at the Institution Thursday. A gash about seven inches long on the left side of the forehead tells where he was struck. He gives quite a different account from that published in the papers as to the cause of the accident. Wait was some distance ahead of him walking on the track, and when Mr. Evans saw the cut of cars coming and the danger Wait was in, he ran to warn him, and had just reached him when the latter was struck, and, in trying to get out of the way, was himself struck. Mr. Evans will go to work again for the company in a week or two, having been told to come back.

Mr. C. C. Neuner will, about the first of November, take charge of a private pupil over near Zaniesville. The man is deaf and too far advanced to be admitted into the school here. Mr. Neuner has had experience in the teaching of such pupils, and was recommended for the position by Principal Patterson to Superintendent Jones, who had been asked to find a suitable person.

Mr. Frank Philpot came down from Akron Wednesday. He will work in the Deaf World office, looking to the getting out the paper as well as managing its affairs editorially for a while. Mr. Holycross, the editor and proprietor, having other business that demands his attention.

Mike Gornely, of Oil City, Pa., was visiting the Institution several days this week. He was on his way home from Cincinnati. He is a cabinetmaker and carver. He left here for Cleveland Thursday.

Messrs. Hodges and Martin, who have been employed doing painting about the Institution during the summer, have gone to their respective homes as their services were no longer needed.

Mr. John Van Gorder, of Rock Creek, Ashtabula Co., came down Wednesday, not as a pupil but a visitor. He graduated a couple of years ago from here, and is stopping with relatives.

Mrs. P. B. Pier, of the Home, is visiting friends in the city this week.

The Independent Football team for the season is already prepared to meet with Columbus Club. The team is not as strong as last year, owing to withdrawals from school of some of its best players, but the boys will do their best to keep their reputation.

Oct. 7, '99. A. B. G.

DEATH OF A DEAF-MUTE.

HERBERT L. JOHNSON DISAPPEARS SEPTEMBER 19 AND IS FOUND SEVEN DAYS LATER IN A ST. LOUIS HOSPITAL.

"Herbert L. Johnson, Died of Alcoholism." Thus is told the finale of a former pupil of the Kansas school, and at one time a student at Gallaudet College.

From the St. Louis Republic it is learned that Herbert L. Johnson disappeared September 19th.

During the early hours of the morning of September 20th, he was picked up by an officer at the corner of Fourteenth and Wash Streets and taken to the City Hospital, where for seven long days he lay writhing and tossing in the throes of delirium tremens. A 3:35 A.M. September 29th, death ended his sufferings.

Johnson finished his schooling here under Dr. DeMotte, in 1882, and in the fall of the same year he entered Gallaudet college. While here at school he bore a reputation of being a most exemplary boy. He was unusually bright, and being a semi-mute and having had the benefit of private instruction from Rev. A. W. Mann—or Mrs. Mann, we do not exactly remember which—he was far advanced over the other pupils. But for some reason he did not remain at Gallaudet College long. It was not, however, from any lack of ability to pursue the studies. Then he entered the office of Herman Probst, at that time one of the leading architects of Kansas City, as a draughtsman. Johnson was peculiarly adept in the work and advanced rapidly. About nine years ago he received and accepted an offer to enter the service of the Pauly Jail and Manufacturing Co., of St. Louis. He remained in their service ever since, the last three years as foreman of their drafting department, and it is doubtful if he had his peer among deaf draughtsmen. Love for alcoholic liquors was his besetting sin, and it is very much regretted that with his superior intelligence and fine abilities his life should come to so ignominious an end.

Frank Sheldon, a former pupil of the Lexington Avenue School, is now in Oakland, Cal., following pharmacy in a private sanitarium.

PHILADELPHIA.

An Instructive "Talk" before the Literary Association.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Weekly News Budget.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

Rev. J. M. Koehler treated the members of the Clerc Literary Association to one of his interesting talks, last Thursday evening, fifth inst. He announced no subject, as he had a "dish of hash" to offer, and he proved a good "Chef." The wonders and possibilities of wireless telegraphy were first explained, after which liquefied air received attention from him, and finally the progress of electricity was discussed from a general standpoint. As is usual when the reverend gentleman lectures, this talk was delivered in his free and easy style, adapted to the deaf, and it was therefore the more appreciated. A good attendance was present.

On Tuesday evening, October 24th, the Philadelphia Branch of the P. S. A. D. will hold a meeting at All Souls' Guild Hall.

The Board of Managers of All Souls' Guild will meet on October 17th.

Mrs. F. Stumpf celebrated her birthday by giving a party at her home, last Saturday evening. A very enjoyable evening was had. Among those present were Mr. F. Stumpf, Mr. and Mrs. Rival, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Hannold, Mr. and Mrs. Bildeback, Mrs. Clara Van Courtlandt, Mrs. L. Slifer, Mrs. Clara Miller, Mrs. Humphrey, Mrs. Mergel, Misses Katie Eisle, Nettie Adams, Cora and Bessie Fleming, B. Nipple, S. Callway, and Messrs. A. Yerkes, A. G. Gunkel, F. Buch, Cooper, Geo. Runkel, and Dickson.

Mr. Andrew J. Sullivan left today (Monday) for Raleigh, North Carolina, to teach in the Institution for the deaf of that place. The completion of new buildings delayed the opening of the school about a month.

Washington Houston returned from New York last Tuesday, after an enjoyable five days' visit.

Mr. Joseph Van Courtlandt's son and daughter witnessed the Dewey Parade in New York.

David B. Glenn, of Charlisle, Pa., is visiting his sister, Mrs. H. E. Stevens, in Merchantsville, N. J., and divides his time between that place and Philadelphia.

We regret to say that Miss Annie Nuhn, whom we reported ill a long while ago, continues in a dangerous condition. It is said her lower limbs are paralyzed.

We see by the papers that Wm. E. Hoy is on the reserve list of the Louisville Base Ball Club, which means that he will play again next season. Congratulations!

Among the exhibits at the National Export Exposition, is a handsome delivery wagon painted by our Mr. C. B. Stilwell.

Mr. Solomon Bacharach visited friends in Reading, Pa., recently.

A girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. William Irvin, of Camden, N. J., on October 7th.

Mrs. Joseph Ferral mourns the death of her brother, who was buried in Wilmington, Del., quite recently.

The following piece of news was handed to us on Sunday. We reported the fire in the September 7th issue of the JOURNAL, but, as this contains additional facts, it may be worth inserting.

"On the night of August 23d last, the cozy and beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Purvis, of Landis Valley, Lancaster Co., Pa., was burned down, and everything destroyed except some furniture. The fire was caused by a spark, which ignited the roof of the kitchen wherein cooking apple butter was in process. It was not discovered until Mr. and Mrs. Purvis had retired for the night."

J. S. R.

Oct. 9, '99.

VANCOUVER, WASH.

Four members of the board of trustees of the Washington school for defective youth, at Vancouver, have resigned or been removed.

Dr. H. E. Merkel, of Seattle, has resigned, his place being filled by the appointment of Dr. C. Quevli, of Tacoma; C. P. Bush, of Vancouver, resigned, and Hon. Ernest Lister, of Tacoma, is appointed in his place; P. Hough, of Vancouver, is removed, and L. H. Leach, Assistant Superintendent of Public Instruction, is appointed in his place; Hugh Lamont, of Vancouver, is removed, and Edgar Lemmon, of Walla Walla, is appointed in his place.

No change will be made in the conduct of the school, which is now in progress.—The Oregonian, Oct. 4.

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The coarse man, with an undeveloped sense of humor, laughs at others: it is a far finer thing for a person to be able to laugh at himself.

So says Samuel M. Crothers, in the September Atlantic in the course of an article entitled "The Mission of Humor." Whether the statement be true or not, it may at least be asserted that the man who can not laugh at an amusing blunder because he is the chief actor in the comedy, certainly misses a lot of fun. Blunders made by others may be committed in the absence of said actor, but if he only has the grace to enjoy the fruits of his own stupidity, he has the advantage of always being present and perfectly acquainted with the conditions essential to a full enjoyment of the situation. It has been affirmed by some authorities that all humor has in it an element of malice, for the reason that every successful jest or humorous situation necessitates the embarrassment or discomfort of a victim. But surely when the victim is the actor himself, his enjoyment of the contretemps must be devoid of malice. May this, then, not be regarded as a valuable test of character. A man who laughs at the mishaps of others and sees nothing funny in his own blunders, makes a distinct advance in grace when he reaches the point where he enjoys such things regardless of who the actor may be. As for the man who sees no fun in the world at all, he is in a class by himself—with small hope of ever escaping from it.—*Cal. News.*

Princess Eugenia Paleologus, who for some years has been trying to prove her claims of being the direct descendant of Constantine, the last Emperor of Byzantium, has at last been successful, the Russian synod acknowledges her rights, and the Russian Government will pay her an annual pension. Her husband is an English officer.

Only a strong-minded woman can write a letter and omit a postscript.

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Four Convention Souvenir Groups.

1. At Minnehaha Falls (Minneapolis). Delegates group on the steps. Though this group was taken in the rain at dark, it is nevertheless very good.
2. On the steamer "Tonka" on Lake Minnetonka. This picture makes the handsomest Souvenir of all.
3. In the Park at the Picnic; this is also a beautiful photograph and contains more faces than any except Capitol group.
4. On the steps at the west entrance to the State Capitol, St. Paul. This group contains all the delegates and every one should have a copy of it.

Copies of these will be shown in St. Paul by Mr. Spear, in Chicago by Mr. Wayman, in St. Louis by Mr. Schaub.

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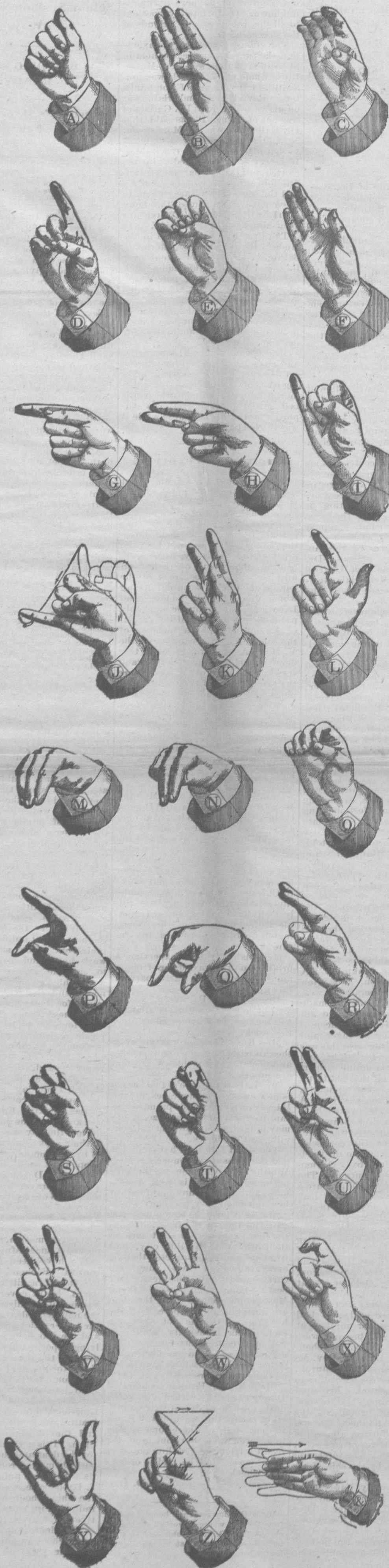
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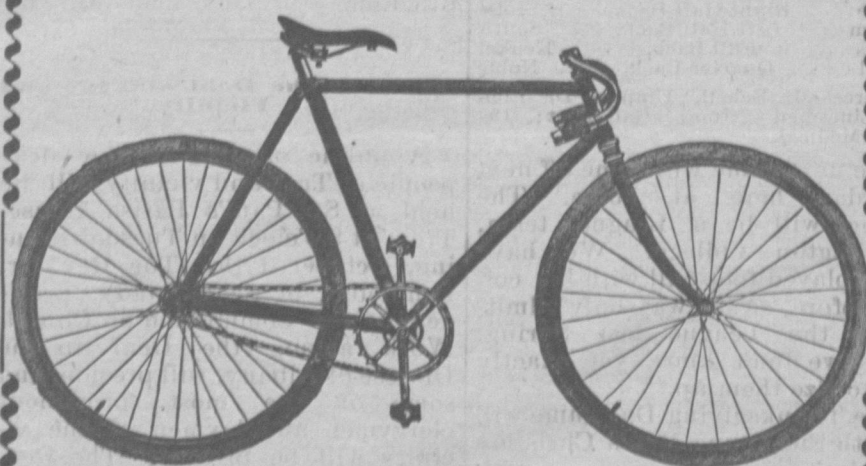
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